

7.
A D D R E S S
T O
T H E P E O P L E
O F
S C O T L A N D,
R E S P E C T I N G
F R A N C I S G R O S E, E s q^r

T H E B R I T I S H A N T I Q U A R I A N.

B Y
R O B E R T B U R N S,
T H E A Y R S H I R E P O E T.

To which are added,

V E R S E S
O N
S E E I N G T H E R U I N S
O F A N
A N C I E N T M A G N I F I C E N T S T R U C T U R E.

ARGUMENT.

THE following Address to the People of Scotland was written by Mr. Robert Burns, the Ayrshire Poet, when Captain Grose, the British Antiquarian, was on his Peregrination in Scotland, in the year 1791, collecting materials for his Publication of the Antiquities of that Country.

The ideas in this, like the rest of Mr. Burns' productions, are singular and eccentric—and exhibit a just picture of the sentiments of the low peasantry in Scotland, respecting any gentleman who is professedly an Antiquarian.—He is deemed to be in *colleage* with *SATHAN*, and to be a dealer in *Magic*, and the *Black Art*—a vulgar prejudice, which all the light and learning of the present day have not yet been able totally to eradicate.



A D D R E S S

T O

T H E P E O P L E

O F

S C O T L A N D.

I.

HEAR, land o' cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maiden Kirk to Johnie Groat's,
there's a hole in a' your coats,
I red you tent it;
Chield's amang you taking notes,
And faith he'll prent it.

II.

in your bounds you chance to light
pon a fine, fat, fadgel wight,
stature short, but genius bright,
That's he—mark weel!
and wow he has an unco flight
O' cawk and keel.

At some auld howlet-haunted biggin,
Or kirk deserted by its riggin,
It's ten to ane ye'll fin him snug in
Some eldritch part,
Wi' Deels, they say, Lord safe's! *colleaguin*
At some Black Art.

IV.

Ilk Ghaist that haunts the ha' or chamer,
Ye gipsy-gang, that deal in glamer,
And you, deep read in hell's black grammer
Warlocks and Witches!
Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
Ye midnight bitches!

V.

It's tauld he was a Sodger bred,
And ane would rather fa' than fled,
But now he's quat the spurtle-blade,
And dog-skin wallet,
And ta'en the *Antiquarian Trade*,
I think they call it.

VI.

He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets,
Roufty *airn caps*, and gingling jackets,
Would haud the Lothians three in tackets
A towmonth gude;
And pitcher-pots, and auld fan-buckets,
Afore the flood.

VII.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder:
Auld Tubal-Cain's fire shool and fender;
That which distinguished the gender
Of Balaam's Afs;
A broomstick of the Witch of Ender,
Weel shod wi' brass.

VIII.

Besides he'll cut you aff fu' gleg
The shape of Adam's philebeg,
The knife that cutted Abel's craig,
He'll prove you fully,
It was a *faulding-jockteleg*
Or lang kail gully.

IX.

But would you see him in his glee,
 (For meikle glee, and fun has he,)
 Then set him down, and twa or three
 Gude fallows wi' him,
 And Port, O Port! shine thou a wee,
 And than ye'll see him!

X.

Now by the powers of verse and prose,
 Thou art a dainty chield, O *Große!*
 Whae'er of thee shall ill suppose,
 They fair misca' thee!
 I'd tak the rascal by the nose,
 Would say, "Shame fa' thee!"



O N
S E E I N G T H E R U I N S
O F A N
A N C I E N T M A G N I F I C E N T S T R U C T U R E .

I.

SEE, where yon ruined Dome appears,
By Time's resistless power subdued:
The mighty work of other years;
The short-lived pride of ages past;
That long in tow'ring majesty withstood
The beating storm and wint'ry blast.

II.

It boasts the trophied front no more,
The column'd gate, the marble floor,

The storied arch, the cloud-topt roof,
 Old architecture's massy proof—
 Desert and drear its ancient halls,
 Where silence deep and dread prevails,
 Save when amid the crumbling walls,
 Murmur the bleak wind's fighting gales,
 And the lone owl in hideous note nocturnal wails.

III.

There reigns supreme, in gloomy state,
 Grim desolation, Mighty power!
 Smiles fullen o'er th' events of fate
 And marks proud grandeur's passing hour.

Alas! how transient is the day,
 That pride or greatness views,
 Time sweeps their idle pomp away,
 Even now while o'er their wrecks I muse;
 Oblivion silent shrouds their boasted name,
 Vails all their short-lived glare, and dignity and
 fame.

GLASGOW.



R. G.